E SCARLET RUNNER

Twelve Episodes from the Automobile Romance by C. N. and A. M. Williamson, Produced in Motion Pictures by the Vitagraph Company, with Earle Williams as Star, and a Separate Cast for Each Episode.

SECOND EPISODE

"The Nuremburg Watch"

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CHAPTER II. The Nuremburg Watch:

HRISTOPHER had had a hard run with his motor the day before, so he lay late in bed drinking his morning tea and reading the morning paper. The Men-dell poisoning case soon absorbed him-as was the situation all over England

This morning there were portraits of young Lady Mendell, accused of poison-ing her elderly husband; of the celebrated K. C., who was her counsel; of Miss Mendell, the sister-in-law, a philanthropist and witness for the prosecution, and Miss Mendell's secretary. But it was not the face of the young woman (once popular, now notorious) which engaged Christopher's at-tention; it was the strong profile of Sir Race, his distant cousin, engaged for the defense. The amateur chauffeur was privately proud of the tie of kinship between him and the brilliant K. C., who had received a baronetcy as a tribute of royal and netional admiration.

"If anyone can get her off, it will be he." Christopher was saying to him-self, when there came a knock at his bed room door. "Please, str." an-nounced the one overworked servant of the house, "there's a lady to see you in a hurry, and she won't take 'no' for a hanswer, because her business is that

"Any name?" Christopher called out.
"Miss Poinsett; and I was to say it
was about your motor car and Sir Gor-

was about your motor car and Sir Gordon Race."

Without asking further questions Christopher jumped up and into his bath. To the lady who had been asked to wait in his sitting room, appeared at the end of twenty minutes a clean-shaven and well-groomed young man. But if that young man had hoped to be rewarded for meritorious speed by a vision of beauty he was disappointed. A plainly dressed woman of medium height and size half rose from a chair at his entrance; and she was so closely velled in thick, ugly tissue that to search vainly for her features was like being struck violently with blindness. "Forgive my disturbing you," the velled lady began, in a cultivated, if somewhat affected voice, "but it was necessary that I should see you early. A great deal depends upon it. I saw your advertisement last night for the first time. It gave your address, and though you invite your clients te write, not to call, I ventured to disobey. I have come to you because you must be a relation of Sir Gordon Race. It's not a common name."

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"Naturally I claim Sir Gordon as my cousin," he said, "but Sir Gordon would not claim me, because I doubt if he'd remember me from any other member of the race of Adam,"

"At least," the velled visitor broke in, "Sir Gordon wouldn't refuse to see you if you sent in your name at his house?"

"Perhaps not, if he weren't too deeply engaged."

"That brings me," the lady went on, "to my object. I don't ask how much you charge for your motor, by the hour, because the price doesn't matter. I am anxious for you to go at once, and as quickly as possible, to Sir Gordon Race's house in Curson street—that means going in your car—and doing an errand for me. It seems small, but it is really of importance, and I will pay whatever you ask in advance."

"Thanks," said Christopher. "But perhaps you have forgotten that this is the Ilst of May, the great day in the Mendell case. Any other would be better for finding Sir Gordon free. This is his day to address the jury in defense of Lady Mandell."

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"Oh, no, I haven't forgotten," answered the veiled woman. "That is the reason I chose this morning. It's early, as you know, to your sorrow." She laughed perfunctorily, "Sir Gordon won't be at the court yet—it's the Old Balley, isn't it?—for a couple of hours. Even the greatest advocate in England must breakfast when engaged in the most important case, and I think he will be eating his when you arrive, if you'll kindly start at once."

"I don't mind delaying this morning if you give me a good reason, madam."

"My name is Miss Poinsett," his visitor announced. "I am as eid acquaintance, with cause for gratitude, to Sir Gordon Race. I beg you to take him a parcel which, to my bellef, will bring him the best of good luck for this great day. He's to make his speech in defense of Lady Mendell. Her fate depends on him, for if she has a single chance for her life it lies in the effect his words may produce on the jury."

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"That is true," said Christopher. "Sir Gordon answered. And now the young man was sure that he was right in one particular: this fameus K. C. of forty was deeply in love with the girl of twenty.

There was a delicious breakfast, but the host and his three guests were neglecting it. No one could think of anything save the little white parcel, whose dainty ribbons Miss Collingwood had be-

Gordon could draw tears from the eyes of a potato. He plays on the feelings of a jury as if they were the strings of a yiolin. Lady Mendell was more than lucky to get him."

"And I want to add to her end chance by sending her advocate a fetish," urged the lady who called herself Miss Poinsett. "Fou see, I am interested for tham both, I have my own reasons—you can fancy them perhaps—for not going to Sir Gordon's house myself, and it would probably be useless sending an ordinary messenger. Such a person would never get into Sir Gordon's presence, but you will. The packet which I send, with best and kindest wishes, must be put into his own hands. Here, in an envelope, is payment in advance. Break the seal, if you choose, now; but in any case I link you will be satisfied."

Christopher made no further objections, as it was not worth while to argue, and his client took from a leather bag which hung from her arm a small, daintily tied up parcel, not more than four inches square, and wrapped in white paper such as jewellers use.

"There is something rather fragile as well as yealuable in the little box," said

wrapped fit white paper such as jewellers use.

"There is something rather fragile as well as valuable in the little box," said she. "But I may trust you not to let it drop. And you will imist ah seeing sir Gordon yourself. If you send in your name he will be certain to see you, if you mention that it is important," A few minutes later he was spinning towards Curson street, in Scarlet Runner, and reached Sir Gordon Race's house just as another large motor ear had drawn up before it. Evidently the occupants of this car were expected, for the door was opened by a footman hefore two ladies had had time to alight.

They passed into the hall at once, but Christepher saw that they were young.

Christopher saw that they were young Christopher saw that they were young and pretty, one a charming girl with brilliant coloring and naturally wavy hair of a wonderful golden brown.

Instead of asking if Sir Gordon would see him. Christopher took out a card and wrote on it a request for a moment's interview, adding that he had "come from Miss Poinsett, bringing a present from her which must be delivered personally."

"Please give this to Sir Gordon Race."

"Please give this to Sir Gordon Race." he said, with confidence; and the servant, seeing that the name on the card was the same as that of his master, invited the visitor into a room which seemed to be a combination of drawing room and library.

When he had because a grow invited.

When he had begun to grow impatient there came through a closed door the sound of laughter from the adjoining room, and an instant later the door opened for Sir Gordon Race himself.

"I have Mrs. and Miss Collingwood's permission to introduce you. They've kindly come to wish me luck for today, since they're not able to see me through it, as I hoped they might. In half an hour they're off house-hunting with their motor, instead of going into court to learn the fate of that poor little woman."

"And before we go Sir Gordon has promised that we shall see what Miss Peinsett has sent him." laughed the girl with brown-gold hair, accepting Christopher as a relative of her host. "Also that we shall hear what Miss Poinsett is like," merrily added Mrs. Collingwood, who was too young to be other than the girl's stepmother.

Christopher glanced from one to the other, and guessed at the situation.

other, and guessed at the situation.

The message written on his card had apparently caused a discussion, and he had been called in to settle it. He deduced that Miss Collingwood (evidently an American girl, accustomed to have every whim humored) was either the great man's flancee or on the point of becoming so. Sir Gordon doubtless wished to prove that Miss Poinsett was nothing to him, and Christopher had been summoned as an independent witness for the defense.

Christopher frankly related the story

Christopher frankly related the story of the veiled lady's visit and added that he did not know whether she were really Miss Poinsett or a deputy of Miss Poinsett.

Thus speaking, she gathered up from the table several elippings with photographs of country houses, which she had been showing Sir Gordon. But the long apology caused Christopher to suspect a hidden reason for Mrs. Collingwood ultimatium. A girl half won would be wholly won if she were allowed to hear her lover's elegance today!

His errand accomplished, his breakfast supposed to be finished. Christopher asked himself.

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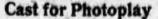
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Sir Gordon Race......Donald Hall Miss Collingwood Adele Kelly Mrs. Collingwood......Lelin Blow Landindy Nellie Anderson

attached; but Mr. Collingwild had remarked that this would be no objection if he liked the place. It was late to visit it that afternoon, as it lay twenty miles or more out of Bath; but the American gentleman had seemed very energetic, and had insisted upon going. He had been interested to hear that the owners—the two holeeases of the estate—were still living At the manor, which must be sold owing to the conditions of the father's will. Mr. Collingwood had heard of some valuable pictures and jeweis, which were heirlooms in the Atherton family, for he had inquired if they were kept in the had inquired if they were kept in the house; and, on being told they were still there, he had been anxious to set off at once with an order to view. It was the heirlooms had determined him, and though there was some talk about an antique watch which, the young lady had forgotten to show her father being as well worth his attention as any of the Atherton things, he hardly listened, but hurried the ladles out of the office.

"Was nothing class and about the

of the Atherton things, he hardly listened, but hurried the ladies out of the office.

"Was nothing else said about the watch?" asked Christopher.
"Mr. Collingwood promised to have a look at it later. I think, from the little discussion, it was a question of some present from a person he didn't care for and was not litterested in; but, of course, it was no affair of mine, and I paid no great attention.

Rade waited for no more, but got out of the office as quickly as he could with decency, and dashed off in the direction he had been told to take.

Christopher took Scarlet Runner in, past the lodge, where there was still no sign of life, and up a slightly ascending avenue that turned and twisted under a tunnel-like arch of branches.

Still the avenue wound on, but half a mile, perhaps, beyond the stone gateposts and the dark lodge a turn in the drive brought the turnel of trees to an end. Through rain and darkness he spled at distance, across wide lawns, a long, low house, whose irregular shape was cut, sharp and black, out of the somber fabric of the sky. Christopher saw no lights, but intervening shrubberies might hide some windows of the lower floors, and the agent had said with certainty that people were living in the house. Race had slowed down, for the white glare of his lamps on the pale mud and wet grass was bewildering; but he was proceeding gently when with a sudden bump Scarlet Runner's front tires struck some tense yet curiously yielding obstance. Surprised, Christopher stopped the car so abruptly that inadvertently he stopped the engine as well. Instantly he jumped down to see what was amiss, and even the famishing chauffeur forgot his anguish in this new excitement.

The obstruction, whatever it might be, was mysteriously invisible, but in a mo-

BACE FINDS THE WATCH TLAST

Miss Collingwood, opened a folded bit early appearance with a self appearance with a s

tempting display on the table, he advanced to the window and sortly opened it, that his way of escape might be ready if needed.

"Til let him gather up the spoil and then, as he comes out, I'll neb him and yell to my chauffeur," thought Christopher.

the Nuremburg watch, and all the con-flicting interests entangled round it; but as the long beam of light once more ilt up the dressing-table he had the best reasons for remembering it again.

ili up the dressing-table he had the best reasons for remembering; it again. There it lay, plainly visible, as the dark, moving arm advanced to push the crewding gold toilet things aside. The lean hand grabbed it up, and as it withdrew into shadow the inlocked deer sudden ly opened. Framed in a square of dim light from the corridor stood Nora Collingwood, a filekering candle in her hand.

With a shriek of fear and surprise the started back, then, recovering herself, bravely rushed forward to save her treasures. Out went the light of the dark lanters, and with one apring the burgiar made for the window, swooping swittly as he went to pick up the bag at his feet.

A thousand thoughts seemed to fissh and light up Christopher's brain, like the bursting of fireworks.

The Nuremburg watch. The thief had it, in pocket or bag. If Christopher grappled with him in the struggle they would both be killed, perhaps the girt too, for she was close to the window, at the man's heels, and there were voices and quick-running footsteps in the corridor outside the open door.

There was half a second to decide what to do, and then the lean figure had dashed through the window into Christopher's arms. In the shock of surprise the escaping thief recoiled, snatching out a revolver; and Christopher, selsing him with a bull-dog grip by cost teollar and leather belt, caught him off his feet and cast him away like a parcel. The revolver exploded in the air at he man fell; and as he touched earth there followed a terrific detonation. Instinct impelled Christopher to throw himself flat on his face, but he had no time to carry out his intention. The force of the exiposion, even at a distance of twelve or fourteen feet, whirled him like a leaf against the house, throwing him backward into the open force of the explosion, even at a distance of twelve or fourteen feet, whirled him like a leaf against the house, throwing him backward into the open force of the dead burgiar, had it not been for the somewhat confused even was a cousin of Sir Gordon

papers thought best to refer to him but sketchily. The name of Christopher Race became, by a misprint, "Christopher Dace;" but even had he retained the "R." which made the difference between importance and insignificance, it would have mattered little to London that day. There was only one Race whose name was worth speaking, and it rains through England.

But the end of the murder trial had been reached in a way which no one could have foreseen, not even those best acquainted with all the details of the affair.

Sir Gordon had obtained permission to recall two witnesses—Miss Mendell and her secretary. Miss Mendell, the half-sister of the murdered man, had been the principal witness against Lady Mendell.

Miss Mendell had sought to destroy her sister-in-law's defender, lest the woman she hated should be saved, and the fortune she desired lost. The secretary had helped her, not knowing her true design, but, finding it out, had weakened. The one mistake in her calculations had been in trusting him too fulles Terrible admissions were wrung from the stricken man and woman—admissions bearing upon the past as well as the puresent. On the incident of the Nuremburg watch Sir Gordon Race, with almost diabolic ingenuity, made the poisoning case turn, turn against Miss Mendell. After the crossquestioning of the pair by Lady Mendell's counsel, no jury on earth would

made the poisoning case turn, turn against Miss Mendell. After the cross-questioning of the pair by Lady Mendell's counsel, no jury on earth would have convicted the younger woman, unless the eider had first been made to stand her trial for her brother's murder, and been proved innocent.

Only one man in England could have accomplished this change, the world was saying, and perhaps a certain American millionaire decided that such a son-in-law might be almost as acceptable as a duke. At all events, the engagement of Sir Gordon Race to Miss Nora Collingwood, of New York, was announced before the trial of Miss Mendell for the crime which had so nearly enguited the first man allowed to offer his congratulations; and his idea for a wedding present caused him to search the curiosity shops for a Nuremburg watch of the early eixteenth century.

(A New Adventure Next Week.)



RACE FINDS THE WATCH AT LAST

"S' MATTER, POP?"-Now We Have Solved the Magic of the Famous "Seven-League Boots!"

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By C. M. Payne







